

The Innis Herald

February '94





INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Editorial

Harold's Last Gasp

I don't normally bother replying to the letters to the editor, usually because we write them ourselves, but I think that the one in this issue deserves more than just a trite reply. Last January, when I took over the Herald, I had grand visions of making the Innis Herald into what it used to be: an artsy, interesting, intelligent, *monthly* publication. I was organized, we had office hours, schedules, pre-arranged deadlines, the works. It went well for about a week, and then Innis Fever set in. Since then, everyone has slacked off; out of about fifty people at our first meeting, we have three or four loyal, good writers who don't need to be harassed to get something in each issue.

Blitz, the quintessential Herald writer (he doesn't speak to us anymore), says that all of us in this office are "Innis Herald sell-out poseurs", and I have to agree somewhat. We're like the revamped CFNY: our new readers don't

know the difference, but those that knew us years ago know that we suck. And we do. I'll say it again: We Suck. (Actually, though, we don't think this issue is so bad.) From now on, we won't print articles just because we're grateful that we got them. From now on, with a few exceptions (I've foolishly promised in advance to print some things), we will print only things worthy of being in the Herald. If this means two-page issues, so be it. If you think it sounds elitist, well, it is. We need more good, interesting, opinionated, intelligent, regular writers. If you think you're good, you probably are. If you're unsure, give us a try. Even if we hate your stuff and don't print it, who cares? We're not the Globe and Mail (or even the Varsity), and your life will not end if we don't like your work. (Please note: irreverent and funny does NOT mean crass and sophomoric.)

Just because we're the only paper of our kind on campus does not give us the excuse to be mediocre. Lisa Johnson is partly right, we are boring, but that reflects our lack of contributions and not our staff. So eat shit.

Letters to the Editor

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and intelligent and legible and grammatical since we're not going to bother to edit them. Letters to the Editor should be addressed to: The Editor, Innis Herald, 2 Sussex Ave, Toronto ON M5S 1J5 or drop them in our mailbox at Innis College in room 127. What the hell, come up and see us in our office, room 305 in the West wing of Innis.

Dear Editor,

Actually, not only the editor-in-chief but Carolyn too, I've seen both your names on this paper since the beginning of this year and I really have to say the two of you have to be the most boring, unimaginative people at Innis College, and possibly at the whole university. I've been a big fan of The Herald for a couple of years now and I must say that you have both done a miraculus job of fucking up something that used to be fun, interesting, provocative, sexy and cool (just like the old editor Nancy- Where is she anyway?).

Diane- you must be the biggest loser on the planet for joining such an incompetent editorial staff!

Ash- Congratulations for bailing when you did. That shows a lot of class!

Sincerely,
Lisa Johnson

Editorial note from Carolyn- Eat Shit!

INNIS HERALD OFFICE HOURS

(feel free to bring us cookies)

Monday (Judy) 12-3

Tuesday (Carolyn) 12-3

Wednesday (Diane) 2-4

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If you need to talk to us about anything, please contact us by calling or stopping by at the above times. If these times are inconvenient for you, leave a message on our answering machine, a note in the folder outside the office door (room 305), or in our mailbox in room 127, Innis College. If you want to be real fancy, you can send us a letter at:

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If you have difficulty with any of the opinions herein, it is an Artifact of Your Own Being.

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Random Thoughts

Flogging a Dead Horse

by T. Brennan, a Rush Limbaugh Viewer

Every week, for the better part of the last year, newspaper space or broadcasting air-time has succumbed to relaying information about the Paul Teale/Karla Holmoka case. Canadians, as well as Americans, have been overwhelmed with tid-bits about the life and times of this bizarre couple. The media naturally takes advantage of those despondent individuals who ardently strive to know what hair dye Karla uses to give her that sleazy, black widow look.

But why does the average person in today's society thrive off of ghoulish details of the sexual attack and brutal murder of teenage girls? Why does the media continuously promote and distribute horrific rudiments, in the theme of "the

public's right to know", when it all boils down to "first to the punch" capitalizing on markets, and the influence of shock propaganda? Why does society eagerly cross the "normal" limits to uncover artifacts that are taboo or illegal? Why do wide-eyed, sexually aggressive teenagers creep down into unlit cellars when Jason or Freddy are known to be somewhere in the house?

If you are truly pondering an answer to any one of these questions, please stop reading this commentary. You've insulted its writer enough. These questions simply delve into a realm of human euphoria that no two

individuals would answer identically. These questions should have been (sub)consciously asked several times over in the last year by everyone: journals, politicians, and Ozzies and Harriets included. But are they really questions that should be thrown along the way-side because no qualified, psycho-analytical genius has come forward with conclusive answers? More importantly, perhaps, has society sunk so "low" that the only way to approach ethics in the state, governing body, and enterprising institutions is through satire and sarcasm? Matt Groening, please answer my plea...

The Information Super-highway

by John Anderson

So I just bought a modem for my Mac, and now I talk to people around the world from the convenience of my own home. Since I am a grad student, I have time for this sort of thing. I've talked to someone in Holland about Moebius, and I went to Minnesota to get an electronic copy of Alice in Wonderland. I'm ready for Al Gore's superhighway initiatives, yes sir. But I read in the Outrider about this sale of Paramount to one of the other big companies, and it is apparent that information is controlled by only a few conglomerates. People have put more power into the hands of a few companies than they would ever put into the hands of the government. But conglomerates are the real government anyway, so that's okay.

No really, I'm serious. Television and major newspapers are a highway of propaganda directly into people's

houses. Civil servants don't make decisions on how to run the country; heads of companies do. It's not a conspiracy, but our society is such that those who have the money automatically have the power. And they use their power to make more money, at the expense of everything else. And every time you turn on the TV or buy the Sun, the Star, or the Globe, you're voting for them. Really - read Noam Chomsky. Even better, read Blitz. He's at the New Edition now. If he knew I was writing for the Herald he'd never speak to me again. "Innis Herald sell-out poseur!" he'd say, just before he never spoke to me again.

Anyway, I like the new issue of the Herald. Cupertino

is a bold yet casual font, maybe not for everyone, but it suits the relaxed style of the Herald. For a more authoritative, persuasive style, I would choose New York or Garamond. If you really want people to believe what you say, go with Times Roman. Or use Dali if you want to be completely incomprehensible.

So I'll end with a few quotes.

She could feel the blood flowing within her and she felt that she must die or break forth into leaves and flowers. - Mervyn Peake

the Siberian mushroom Santa was in fact Rasputin's mother - Mark E. Smith

make a miracle of the lyrical - Chuck D

Top Nine Reasons to Read the Herald

by Felix Culper

As every moderately literate person in North America knows, Top Ten lists are the biggest damn cliché in journalism. (In fact, they are so big that, according to some experts, *saying* Top Ten lists are the biggest damn cliché in journalism will soon become the *second* biggest damn cliché in journalism.) So, in my efforts to enhance the readership of the greatest work of journalism at U of T, and possibly the known universe, I have composed a list, not of the top ten reasons to read the Herald, but of the top nine. This is a brilliantly original move to defy the cliché (patent applied for), and has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that I honestly couldn't think of ten reasons to read the Herald. So here it is, in all its glorious, hyperoriginal brevity:

1. The Herald has Top Nine lists (see above, especially if you're one of those lazy people who skipped my brilliant introductory paragraph and went straight to the list).
2. Maybe someday we'll tell you who Harold Innis *really* was.
3. Paragon of journalistic integrity that it is, the Herald refuses to clutter its pages with self-congratulatory garbage.
4. We're human. We have trouble counting backwards.
5. The printing schedule will always keep you guessing. (It certainly keeps the editors guessing.)
6. You lust after Ash. Admit it.
7. It has the weirdest poetry this side of Sylvia Plath.
8. This is not a threat or anything, but be warned that some of the editorial staff can get pretty violent when they feel slighted.
9. Consider the alternatives.

Innis Treasure Trove

by Huge Dare

Recently, the carpet in the Pit has been removed and replaced with a finer, more beguiling piece of rugwear. Although this magnificent replacement is supple, amiable and remarkably robust, there is some question as to what was found when it was placed in.

A sampling of things they found under the old carpet in the Pit

1. Elvis
2. A dozen barrels of nuclear waste
3. Bad Chinese food
4. Lint
5. A portal to another dimension
6. Rogaine
7. One pink rabbit
8. One small drum
9. One AA battery
10. An interesting set of well-preserved bones belonging to the Avaceterops, a plant-eater from the Cretaceous period.
11. A freshly brewed cup of Colombian ground coffee
12. Juan Baldez
13. The Mighty Morphin Power Rangers
14. The Necronomicon
15. The November/December issues of the Innis Herald

It's not pretty, but it really is true.

Review

An interview with Cop Shoot Cop, opening for Iggy Pop, Nov. '94, the Warehouse, Toronto

by Ken P. Chasse (with help from D. Brykowski).

Hailing from the center of the world of jangly noise rock which produced such bands as the Ramones and Sonic Youth, Cop Shoot Cop add an industrial tinge to the New York "rock 'n' roll" noisecape. New York is the old standby of new music scenes - it's never been a fad city, here one minute, the same old small town the next (Chapel Hill, Seattle, Halifax) - it just keeps adding the birth of new styles to its long list of worthwhile entertainment.

Cop Shoot Cop have been called industrial, but incorporate traditional rock instruments like bass and drums, along with some clichéd industrial standbys: the hanging metal bedpan and grating keyboards. But they're "just a rock and roll band": they successfully mix the ravages of chunky bass with complex percussion into an ever changing style, breaking down the classification fence around other scenes and incorporating the good bits. New York is definitely the place to be doing this. Cop Shoot Cop refuse to be classified, and make it hard for the press to do so.

The incorporation of violin and brass with radically different melodies on their latest offering, *Ask Questions Later*, marks a big jump from their previous albums *White Noise* and *Consumer Revolt* on Big Cat Records. (Their previous offering, *Headkick Facsimile* was never quite finished and rests in the tape collections of diligent fans. About half of the tracks appear on *Consumer Revolt*.) Having recently signed a deal with major-distributed Interscope records, which released *Ask Questions Later*, has caused the press to accuse Cop Shoot Cop of having an identity crisis; however, they seem to be the only ones that aren't experiencing this: chalk it up to a material generation device used by the press.

Their dates opening for Iggy Pop in North America are part of their first major tour.

Ken: So what's the story with this article you guys are going on about?

Tod: Well [Tim Perlich of *Now Magazine*] compared us to... Urge Overkill.

Steve: He said something about how like, they realized they had to get corporate sponsorship to afford to wash their crushed velvet smoking jackets, and, I guess, how, "...Cop Shoot Cop realize that too."

Tod: "...that they've earned the right to be pretentious..."

Steve: "...they're not going to be able to afford alcohol unless they get signed by a label."

Jim: Well, we've got news for him man, we get like, free alcohol wherever we play - huh, so like how 'bout that?

Tod: He asked me this question which was: "... you once said that rock and roll was about one generation destroying what came before." I did say that, but the fact that we're playing with Iggy doesn't change our music one iota, and, in fact we were offered all these other bogus tours, and this is the only guy that we felt had any integrity whatsoever, and we woulda opened for, but we won't open for just anybody.

Steve: That guy, Tim Perlich, is obviously the kind of guy that loves to go around labelling things - he labelled Iggy as a Dinosaur - labelling us as sellouts - labelling this as this kind of music - using so many bullshit sloganistic stupid musical-journalist expressions that label and categorize and pigeonhole things, which is the inevitable death of the music press.

Tod: The main thing was that he contradicted himself - he said that we didn't stick to our roots, but Iggy, who is a guy who has completely stuck to his roots, and practically his whole set is old stuff - he doesn't respect him either - "he's a dinosaur" - so you either advance, like we're trying to do - and become sellouts - or, you stick to your roots and are a dinosaur. I'd like to ask Tim Perlich "How do you win?". We basically just do whatever the fuck we want to do.

Steve: What's wrong with being on a label that's part of a major label group? I mean what the fuck is WRONG with that? Why is that so wrong?

Tod: 'Cause we don't have to eat peanut butter sandwiches anymore.

Tod: ...'Cause we're not suffering anymore.

Steve: What does that mean? I mean, why even compare someone to anybody else? Music lives on its own - Cop Shoot Cop is Cop Shoot Cop - it's what it is. It's not rock music, it's not progressive music, it's just music, and we're Cop Shoot Cop.

Ken: Are there any details you can give me about your label deal with

Interscope?

Jim: It's great man, we can afford to get ourselves some crushed velvet smoking jackets!

Steve: We drink martinis for free, and they buy us lots of expensive dinners, and, well, we've had to change our music a lot, 'cause they said it was too hard.

Tod: Lots of instrumentation: violins and horns and stuff.

Steve: Well, actually, there's nothing wrong with using different sorts of instrumentation in music - it all comes down to just music. Why not use lots of different kinds instrumentation in music? I'm in another band in New York, and there are 11 different instruments - violin, cello, horn section, keyboard, three drummers - it's great, it's some of the best music on the planet.

Tod: Motherhead Bug, by the way.

Steve: Look at any huge rock band, they all use lots of different instrumentation, and it's very successful.

Jim: But only after they got on a major label... and got their jackets.

Ken: Are you 'stuck' with the label? What are the terms of the deal?

Tod: STUCK? No! I was fucking starving! Ok, fuck that, fuck the whiny violin shit, I'm done complaining.

Jim: As far as how the label and us get along: it's generally been really good, they haven't gotten in our way, they let us do what we want musically and let us make our own videos.

Tod: They gave us money, we gave them a record, and they sell the record, which is their job. They don't interfere with the kind of music we make.

Ken: Who was your producer on your last album - and wasn't Steve Albini (*Nirvana*) supposed to help you produce a record?

Tod: Martin Beazy is our producer now, along with us, as with the last three records. As for Albini, that was with the band that I was in before Cop Shoot Cop called *Dig That Hole*, and he offered to put out a record, but he reneged on that offer. I was pissed off with him for a while, but I've gotten over it. He's a smart guy, but he's a little too opinionated for

me to have a conversation with.

Dan: Where did the two bass lineup come from?

Tod: The first record was one bass, one sampler and a percussion setup, and the stuff I was doing wound up being high end feedback and harmonics and the like. The Blacksnakes had just broken up and that was the band [Jack] Nantz was in, and he was in the rehearsal space that we shared with Pussy Galore just hanging around. We tried him out as a singer for a while, and that didn't work out, but his amp was there, so we jammed a bit, and it worked out really well with two basses.

Dan: What about your percussion setup?

Tod: Phil and I decided that when *Dig That Hole* broke up we wanted to do something with metal percussion and drums, so we designed the frame so we could hang shit from it. We have the horizontal kick-drum so we could have more intricate kick beats, and kinda paint ourselves into a corner in a way so that we'd have to make music that sounded different from everything else.

Ken: What's Cop Shoot Cop doing in the next while?

Tod: We're doing this tour, and then we're going to tour by ourselves for a while, then with Jesus Lizard on the west coast and then we go to Greece for two shows.

Steve: Ya, we're playing in Athens. When we played in Italy on the last tour, it was amazing; we played maybe five shows - and I don't know what the distribution is like over there - but every show was like 600 people and totally packed and they loved us. I think, basically, it's the kinda place where they just love music or bands, and they get excited about bands, like "wow, this band's coming from America!" and they all go to shows.

Jim: It's really weird - the shows were all not in major cities, they were outside, and it would be hard to find the town, never mind the club.

Ken: What was your best show in the last while?

Tod: I'd say it was in - wait, what was the second place Hitler took over? - Austria, ya Vienna. That was great. For some reason we're really big in axis power countries like

Germany, Italy, Austria... I guess it's 'cause we're kinda teutonic.

Ken: Are you thinking of doing anything that's not completely album-related, like film soundtracks?

Jim: Well we have a new video but they refuse to show it on MTV in the States, but they showed it on MTV in Europe, so we're about to finish the cutting on a second new video.

Tod: They refused to show it in the US cause we weren't in it for one, they didn't like the name of the band for another, and we mentioned going into a well-known fast-food chain with firearms in a lyric, which was another problem.

Dan: Do they request lyric sheets when you submit a video?

Tod: Ya they do, and I was too stupid to lie. Next time we will, and send in something like a children's rhyme. The other video we just did is a little too MTV-friendly for my tastes.

Steve: I like that video, personally. If we want to do a video, you might as well to a video that's going to be shown on MTV, so we did. I mean some of the shots are very MTVesque, and I think it's got a good chance of getting played, and yet it's a great video - we shot it in a great place, and it's got all our friends in it and it was a lot of fun.

Tod: And we have a dead man hanging by his feet being pushed by his little children.

Jim: We also have a small live infant in it being dragged by a Mack truck going 70 miles an hour...

Tod: Well about this other video that we weren't in - we hired a bunch of circus freaks in Mexico to play us in the video, and these are real sideshow people. We got a dwarf to play me, as the lead singer, and did all the lip-syncing, so it really confused our distribution company. Also, at first, because of the name, they thought we were a rap band, and then after that they thought we were a midget marching band from Mexico.

Ken: Has the label made any threats about limitations they want to put on your music or album covers?

Tod: No, not yet. If we were the Unsane though, we might have some trouble.

Steve: Ya, their covers are very... ketchupy. And that shot of the guy with the severed head lying on the tracks IS real.

Tod: And just to clear up the confusion: the Unsane are a gay rock band. Chris is a big gay activist in New York, he's very much into gay power, gay rights.

Jim: Pete and him had a thing

together for a few years, but they almost broke up when that thing happened at the NMS a while back.

Tod: Boyfriends should not be in the same band - I don't understand how Sonic Youth have survived so long, but for some reason the Unsane have survived despite the ups and downs of their relationship and the band's ups and downs.

Ken: What happened with one of the band members who OD'd a couple years ago at the New Music Seminar?

Jim: Oh that was Charlie... he did that JUST for the NMS, special treat.

Dan: They didn't get a deal though 'cause of it, did they?

Tod: Charlie wised everyone up I think.

Ken: What do you consider a worthwhile music publication?

Tod: Ugly American, Roller Derby - I was voted the sexiest man in indy rock by Roller Derby magazine. It's a 'zine, put out by Lisa Suckdog. And Steve was voted the second best fuck in England by some girly fanzine there.

Dan: What kind of music do you listen to?

Tod: Uh, Klezmer, movie soundtracks - the Klezmatics ... no

not the plasmatics, the Klezmatics, not the woman who puts tape on her tits. What else - Hank Williams, Carl Stalling, Carl Orf, Alebnoni, Redd Foxx... the soundtrack to Aladdin...

Steve: I like ZZ Top, bluegrass music, Stiff Little Fingers, the Ramones, Moreconi and lots of movie sound tracks.

Tod: Nantz is the punk rock guy, Steve is the 70's rock guy, I'm the pretentious art-rock guy, Phil is the percussive King Crimson guy, and Jim's the annoying sample type guy. We don't like jangly rock stuff, that's the only area we don't have covered.

Ken: What do you think of the bands you often get classified with, like Big Black, Jesus Lizard and Foetus?

Tod: Ya, Foetus is a great guy, although, he should shave. He does lots of soundtracky kinda stuff, which we like a lot. The Steroid Maximus stuff is really great. I really want to do some material like that, for a film.

Ken: What was the strangest lineup you've played in?

Tod: That one in Madison, where we played in a Sports Bar with this band called... Big Big Bite, and they were truly horrendous, except they had this really good guy dancing for them, some kinda spastic type or something. He comes to all our shows in Madison now and we try and get him on stage for our set.



Random Thoughts

To Picket Is To Live

by Sally Ashcroft-Blake

It's bitterly cold, my hands and feet are wrapped up in plastic Loblaw's bags, and my face is in a permanent state of wince. I stand rigid in the sight of justice; clenching onto the wooden handle of my picket sign and baring my teeth in a determined grimace. I stare at the concrete world surrounding me and feel a surge of confidence...

Today will be the dawn of a new era! Today will see the rise of a new Canada; free from the evils of commercial rapists! Today we will sing the song of an uplifted nation!

Today I will get my money back from those shyster loan sharks and their meat-head employees and get pissed drunk afterwards. Today those scuzz-ball "financial advisors" will walk through the front door and trip over my too-large boots and break a tooth on the slushy sidewalks. Hah! Today will be a good day.

Or so I tell myself in the sub-zero temperatures one early morning in late January. The two of us - the two fools who went to a loan-broker this summer in a last ditch attempt to pay off Revenue Canada - are picketing in front of 99 Queen Street East, the famous address of an infamous company. Our story is not unique.

We basically got done for \$425.00 at the hands of some smooth salesman with a penchant for sadistic business practice. Canadian law does not adequately protect consumers from the dealings of loan brokers, who charge an up front fee after promising a loan you never get. After verbal assurances that your loan has been approved, you hand them a retainer fee and wait for the cash. Odds are, you're going to have to wait a very, very long time. Like forever. Forget calling, forget writing, forget any kind of civilized discourse. The walls of non-communication slide up and you become just another number in the whimpering files of the "dissatisfied customer".

That is precisely where most complaints stay, buried forever in a dusty pile of paperwork. The problems of cutting through the red tape to actually initiate and follow through on a civil grievance are immense. Due partly to the size of our lumbering government and partly due to inadequate marketplace laws, most "dissatisfied customers" are left with no legal recourse. Most complaints end with a half-hearted letter to the Better Business Bureau and a couple of phone calls to the Minister of Consumer and Commercial Relations. Once that route has come up empty, disillusioned customers shrug their shoulders and chalk the whole experience up to that ominous excuse - "Life".

Instead of shrugging our shoulders we decided to ignore Doug Llewellyn's advice, and took the law into our own hands.

We arrived at 9 a.m. armed with bright yellow signs and a handful of information leaflets for the interested public. They worked. In the first four hours a number of potential customers took our advice and hightailed it back home. Even more passers-by stopped to tell us their own past horror stories. Quite a few of the neighbouring companies offered their support in our fight and brought us coffee and cookies to help stave off the nightmarish temperatures.

A junior employee of the company descended down to the picket line at about one p.m. He politely invited us up to the office and we politely declined. As I pointed out to him, it is very hard to see picket signs from a third story office window.

By the end of the day we were two popsicles parading as activists and we decided to pack it in. We returned the next morning at nine and resumed the vigil. Not surprisingly, El Presidente was there to greet us - cheque in hand. We took the money, returned to balmy climates and got pissed as predicted.

The whole experience made me realize two things. One: if you open your mouth loud enough, people are going to pay you to shut up. Two: Canadians are not politically apathetic, they just live in a cold country.

Grand Garage de Paris

by Daniel Currie Hall

A busful of tipsy American high school students, happy to be in a land where *vingt-et-un* is just a card game, celebrate by turning on all their low-voltage hairdryers at once, so the lights go out.

The manager curses politely with his compatriots in a similar display of solidarity.

For myself, I sit in the darkness on a sympathetic windowseat, and sing a Slovakian lullaby under my breath to the warm Parisian air, admiring the edifice across the street, which is entitled *Grand Garage de Paris* in basic red neon.

The world is here, between the lobby and the stars; the moment suffices.

Blake Fer Yer Face

by Loretta Johnson

I was walking to class the other day thinking are the tygers of wrath really wiser than the horses of instruction? when this guy comes up to me and says what a nice day it is. Which gets me thinking about perception. Are we only limited to our five senses or is there some sense beyond them with which we can perceive the world? Should I tell this idiot that it isn't a nice day out -it's a bloody rotten day- or should I let the fool persist in his folly until he becomes wise? who am I to say that his perception of the world is inferior to mine? After all, the fool sees not the same tree that the wise man sees.

I nod at him vaguely and he starts talking about hair care products. Did I wash my hair a lot, was I dissatisfied with the performance of my current hair care products, could he interest me in his line of personal grooming solutions? I say solutions to what. He says solutions as in chemical formulations, like shampoo scientifically designed to enrich and moisturize dry, brittle hair, a common condition in the winter.

Which gets me thinking about the acid solutions used in infernal engraving. To break out of the five limited caverns of the senses, one must burn through the stone to the other side of the mind, creating new spaces, new views. But even then that space is never enough because one thought fills immensely. Understanding death is the same process; to go into the grave and dig it deeper and deeper until you emerge on the other side. You never know what is more than enough: the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

The guy shows me coloured bottles, extolling the virtues of the liquids within but all I can think is why must God provide for the lion if the fox provides for himself? Is it because one law for the lion and ox is oppression that the lion and the fox must be dealt with separately? but what about equality then? Can it only exist between those who are the same -all lions, all foxes, all oxen- but not between lions and foxes or foxes and oxen? They are all animals after all. Why do their differences carry more weight than their similarities?

Then it comes to me. It is the fear that similarities will cover up the differences -suppress the various forms of perception- that makes the emphasis on difference so necessary. This does not mean that the lions and the foxes cannot learn from each other: if the lion was advised by the fox, he would become cunning. But no benefit can come from diversity.

Was I listening to him, the guy asks. Hair care is not a subject to be trivialized. He goes on about his products as I look at my watch and realize my class is half over. O to submit to the tyranny of salesmen. The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to the crow. But why, then, does the lion benefit from the fox's instruction? The matter was too complex. I finally tell him I'm not interested and he starts swearing at me, following me down the street, derogatory slurs pouring from his mouth like slime. I ignore him: there is no point in becoming angry. As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible. One should expect poison from standing water, anyway.

FREE FRIDAY FILMS SERIES

ALL FILMS ARE FRIDAYS AT 7PM AT INNIS TOWN HALL
2 SUSSEX AVE., ST. GEORGE, NORTH OF ROBERTS

February 25 Sugar Cane Alley -Euzan Pulcey

March 4 Orlando -Sally Potter

March 11 Song of Exile -Anne Hoy

March 18 Lumiere -Jean Moreau

March 25 The Killers -John Woo

April 8 Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia -Sam Peckinpah

April 15 Reservoir Dogs -Quentin Tarrantino

Innis News.....

WE'RE U.S.S.

by Gail Mifsud

Finally, the Urban Studies program at Innis College has a student union!

Though the program's been around for nearly 20 years, it suffered an identity crisis (coinciding with the "urban crisis") due to constantly changing program titles, until Professor Peterson seized the helm in 1985. It came as no surprise that we, the URBAN STUDIES SOCIETY (U.S.S.), had to settle with a suitable "urbanistic" name. Although we were formed only this year, we have had several successful events:

* U.S.S. launched our first annual wine & cheese in November. It was a well-attended event, and we extend our thanks to the faculty, staff, and students that came out.

* We managed to appropriate office space from ENSU and CINSSU without them noticing - only a small little corner. Isn't the fan-blower in that office loud?

* We held a career counselling seminar. Graduates of the program returned to Innis to share their work experiences and career paths with students. Reminiscing, they all had great things to say about the Urban Studies program being "unique" and Innis College as their past favourite meeting place.* We are in the process of putting the final touches on our Newsletter.

This soon-to-be annual publication will help U.S.S. keep in touch with professors and students that share a mutual interest in the program.

* In late January, students of the program and members of U.S.S. are going head-to-head with Ryerson students in a charrette (add that word to your dictionary - a rough translation means a brainstorming session). The focus of this intense weekend-long seminar is "Save the Don." It seems as if it's U.S.S. against them!

There you have it - a short list of U.S.S.'s social and academic events to date. We are planning a series of round-table discussions in the near future, so we'll keep you posted. So as not to be missed, the U.S.S. information board is located next to the Registrar's office, in neon pink and green.

On a grateful note, U.S.S. would not have been possible without the support of Aaron, Jon and the rest of the Innis College Student Society. The members of U.S.S. would like to thank the I.C.S.S. for all their support - financial and otherwise.

If you would like to become a member, or find out more about our activities, drop us a note either in the U.S.S. mailbox or outside Room 307 above the Innis Café.

A quote from our prez...

"...is this being taped?"

- Aaron Magney, ICSS President

The INNIS COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY (ICSS)

Proudly Presents Our Annual

Semi-Formal

(That is, "As-Formal-As-You-Wish-To-Be")

*To be held this year, as never before, in the BALLROOM of the
ROYAL YORK HOTEL!!*

**Saturday, March 12th,
1994**

The ICSS cordially invites all Innis College faculty/staff, students and alumni, as well as their guests, to this incredible dinner/dancing event. Tickets are on sale now in the ICSS office (Room 116, x7368).

INNIS HAPPENINGS

***Innis Semi-Formal**
Saturday, March 12th, at the
Royal York Hotel
tickets: \$30 for Innis Students
\$35 for non-Innis types
available from the ICSS

***Athletics and Clubs
Banquet**
Thursday, March 24, at the
Madison Pub
All those even remotely
involved with an Innis sport
or club (that includes the
Herald) are invited

Other stuff:

* ICSS Elections, at the end
of school

* Stuff to buy from the ICSS
office: polar fleece in 6
colours, T-shirts, zippered
sweatshirts, and maybe
hats.

* New carpet and furniture in
the Pit (the carpet's there,
the furniture is on its way)

* Call for Orientation
Leaders for September '94:
watch the Innis info board
for upcoming meetings or
talk to Aaron

Two steps to better essays:

1. Make sure
you understand the
assignment
2. Make an appointment
at the Innis Writing
Centre

Room 322

978-4871

The Back Page

Classified Ads:

All ads to be sent to:
The Innis Herald
Innis College
2 Sussex Ave
Toronto ON M5S 1J5
or dropped in our envelope
(room 305) or our mailbox
(room 127)

Dear Dashing

Your ad in the Herald caused such an uproar of thigh-sweats and hormonal ecstasy that I just had to respond immediately!

I'm an active young female with a distinctive passion for making beautiful music, I'm outdoors whenever I leave my house, I believe that the only true ice cream is Häagen-Dazs (Strawberry!), and that one can never really get enough "bouncy-bouncy". I also have a preference for meandering extremities.

Unfortunately, my love for physical activity leaves my body sleek enough that it falls short of your desire for a "buxom" female.

If your options remain slim, call me.

-Editor's note: We don't print phone numbers, but if Mr. Dashing would like to respond, see us in the Herald office.

Dear Andy,

Ever since we got our cat, I feel like I've been left out of our whole family. Even my mother seems to spend more time with "Mookie" than with me. How do I let them know that I am still in need of love and affection?

-Abandoned

Dear Abandoned,

Just as your parents have stopped loving you, someday they will stop loving "Mookie". In the meantime, you could try to regain their favour with little gifts - a dead pigeon under the pillow, some hairballs on the carpet - you could even try shedding on some of your mother's favourite clothes! That should certainly arouse your mother's attention. Just remember, you're bigger and you have a longer life expectancy.



Extern - A Career Exploration Experience

What - A great opportunity to explore a career by spending up to one week in an organization

Why - Make a career decision
- Assess your career goals in a real world setting

Who - University of Toronto undergraduates in 2nd, 3rd or 4th year

When - May 9-13, 1994 after final examinations (application due no later than February 25, 1994)

Pick up an application at the Career Centre or for more information phone the Extern Office at 978-8026.

upcoming
Herald
deadlines

LAST
ISSUE!
↓

friday
mar 25

The pen is not
mightier than the sword
unless you know how to
use the pen.

Innis Writing Centre
Room 322 978-4871

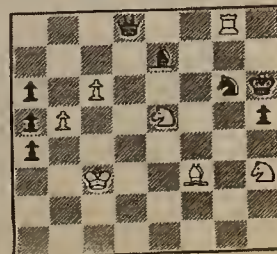
Essay got you
stuck?
Don't come
unglued.

Come to the Innis
Writing Centre
Room 322 978-4871

CHESS

by Dick Varheight

Maximummer Double-Move
Help-Stalemate in 256



Answer: Get a life

